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IN MEMORY.

O happy image, from that distant shore,
Where the stream of time ends in eternity,
Arisest thou in glory, joy to me,
And smilest kindly as in days of yore.
No human heart can e'er to me restore
Such tender love as I received from thee;
But as my morn, in brightness and in glee,
Burst forth, thy ev'ning came for ever more.

The first in love was then thy infant-boy,
Who smiled in innocence, yet to annoy
With anxious thought thy passing soul.
Ah! fruitful hour! thy hand, to bless me, lay
Upon my head, while o'er thy feature stole
A smile; then one more prayer, a mother's,
to pray.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN

THERE are hero-worshippers who bow with the profoundest respect before the sanguinary valiants of battle-fields, the destroyers and founders of kingdoms, empires, and republics. Some pay homage to sages and philosophers; others to poets and would-be-prophets. Every man has his own petty singularities, be they right or wrong. Yet, among all the heroes displayed on the Augustan balcony of glory, none is worthy of such a green olive branch, as he, upon whom all—the laborer and the student, the poor and the rich, the soldier and the patriot, the diplomat and the politician, the scientist and philanthropist, may joyfully gaze, not only to satisfy a curious and petty astonishment, but also for an imitable model. For him we need not go far. Stretch forth but your right hand and the halo of his fame will encircle your trembling limb.

He is America's first hero, her most typical representative in the world's history. She produced and reared him, she modeled him according to her own heart; his unblemished fame will endure until the boisterous waves of the stormy Atlantic sweep over his fatherland, unite with the calm Pacific, and bury forever in the deepest stillness of an impenetrable oblivion the land his genius made so mighty.

Why be so discursive? His name is more deserving. It is Benjamin Franklin, to whom all

earthly honor is due—to whom all noble and honorable titles are applicable, but yet, without distinctive marks of nobility.

Franklin's life was not naturally a career of ease. He was born January 6, 1706 at Boston, Mass., of poor, but industrious parents, his father following the lowly trade of a tallow-chandler. But what was Boston then? What advantage did she offer her gallant youth? She was an humble hamlet, a subjected colony, ruled by the English lion across the sea. Of the superb city of to-day it was not even a dim shadow. Yet, there young Benjamin spent his childhood days in joyousness, near the bosom of an affectionate mother and at the side of a solicitous and conscientious father—both striving most earnestly to further the temporal welfare of their offsprings as creditably as their scanty means permitted, never omitting to inculcate such principles as tended to make them worthy of their ancestors and active citizens of their youthful but fast rising country. How great their success has been Benjamin Franklin's universal glory testifies.

His father's most heartfelt desire was to have Benjamin, his youngest son, educated for the ministry; an end worthy of his energetic exertions, but far too elevated for the financial resources of his humble avocation. However, by hard labor and close management, he was enabled to send him, when nine summers had decked his noble brow, to a grammar-school. This was the rising of a lustrous star; in the far distant future Franklin beheld a lofty goal, hopefully he gazed at it, neither

was there a cloud to darken his brightest hopes.

From his earliest childhood there had been growing in his bosom an ardent desire to be with books; now since it was to be satisfied it burst forth in an unquenchable flame. With a joyful heart he departed from all objects near and dear to him; with the loveliness and brightness of the rosy dawn depicted on his youthful countenance, he entered the school-room and was put into the first grade. Diligence and amiability were his most loved companions, ever at his side, never tiresome or complaining. Already at this early stage of his life he began the perfect development of those studious and labor-loving habits which ever afterwards characterized his undertakings.

His brief attendance at school was an uninterrupted line of uncommon success. Within a year he was promoted to the third class and great were his chances soon to be its leader. How must not the knowledge-loving heart of the book-child have thrilled in view of such great prospects, stored away for him in the bosom of futurity! There was for him no rival; he stood alone on the summit. What an example for the American youth! But, alas! to-day it is more despised than imitated.

Quickly turns the wheel of fortune. What it has prepared for you to-morrow you cannot know to-day. One bright spring day it cast aside an unfortunate burden and it alighted on Benjamin's shoulders, unexpectedly cutting short his school days. His father's means were nearly exhausted. There was left to him, then, but one resource: to burn the candles for study at night which the

labor of his hands had brought forth during the day.

During two long and weary years he continued at his father's trade. Then discontent seized him. Whether in his solitary workshop or with his companions a restless spirit continually haunted him to leave his paternal roof and seek his fortune upon the rolling waves of the deep blue sea. This his father opposed with the greatest determination, for to him the sea was an open grave and the sailor a doomed man. O thrice happy, young America, that such was his disposition!

Even at the termination of this period his unhappy lot was not yet ended. At the age of twelve he was bound to his brother, who shortly before set up a printing press at Boston, as an apprentice. This at first pleased the 'helluo librorum', as it gave him ample access to reading matter, but the great amount of work to be done limited his time for study too much. In a very short period he was the best composer in the office. He knew not what an idle hour was. All his time was employed in working, reading, or writing. His brother being imprisoned on account of some political utterances, Benjamin for some time continued the publication of the paper in his own name.

Upon his release his brother became more despotic than ever. It was that tyrannical manner in which his brother dominated over him that Benjamin could not endure and he resolved to leave the office secretly. Selling most of his books to obtain passage money, he sailed for New York,

where he arrived after a pleasant voyage of three days. From thence he made his way to Philadelphia, partly by land and partly by water. An impoverished lad he was then, indeed. No one who saw him standing on the wharf by the river in that early morning hour, with one roll of bread under his arm and eating another, beheld in that pauper, dirty, and ragged as he was, a loyal and active member of the Pennsylvania Colonial Assembly and a future founder of America's greatest Republic.

His first care in the 'city of brotherly love' was to obtain a morsel of bread, which he was happy enough to receive soon. Poor as he then was, his charity was unlimited, for meeting a mendicant woman, he gladly shared it with her. It was this dignified trait of character that raised him so high above the sordid level of the common populace and assisted him so vastly in influencing and directing affairs of such vital importance in later years, when burdens weighed down his shoulders.

To live on charity received from generous hearts was not his desire; but to earn a livelihood by honest manual labor, beneficent to humanity, was his sole ambition. Hence his second step was to find a printing office and there obtain employment. He soon found both. In the poor and wretched establishment which he entered, he soon became the chief supporter of his master. However, circumstances changed and he did not remain long.

Induced by the grandiloquent and flattering promises of the governor of Pennsylvania, he under-

took a voyage to England to purchase types and machinery to establish a great printing-house in Philadelphia. The success of the enterprise would have been equal to the self-sacrificing effort had the governor been sincere and honest. On his arrival in the English metropolis he became aware that all the recommendations, given him by the lying and deceitful governor, were either to degraded men or of no value whatever. Thus betrayed and penniless, he was obliged to repeat again the last scene of the first act of his life's drama in an unknown and foreign city. To his already labor-worn youth eighteen months more of difficult toil in London's greatest printing establishments are added. There, in the very home of frivolity, he practiced the same consuetudinary frugality, temperance, industry, and studiousness to which he had been accustomed in his early days. While his partners ate, drank, and made merry, he would read and study; but worked when they were at work. Great were the impressions his unostentatious ways made on his British brethren. On account of his abstaining from all intoxicating drink, they called him "The Water-American", an appellation which he loved to hear. His strict parsimony enabled him to return to his native soil in June, 1726.

It was his firm determination to set up a printing press and no misfortune, however great, could damp the vigor of this resolution. Again he labored until the desired means were obtained. Aeneas-like he surmounted all obstacles that arose between him and his cherished goal. In 1729,

when the "Pennsylvania Gazette", fresh from Franklin's new press, surprised the dormant Philadelphians, success crowned his efforts. Soon his paper stood without its rival. He had reached the summit of eighteenth century's journalism.

Nightly labors and no rest by day were the sole secrets of his wonderful progress. New enterprises were added to the old. Three years after the appearance of the first paper he began the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac", which in a short time was scattered from the seashore to the Indian frontiers, read as eagerly by the British as by the Americans. In it are all those trite sayings, which even to this day are household gems replete with salutary admonitions. Franklin wrote for the Americans, and nowhere has he expressed his utilitarian principles so boldly as in his world-renowned Almanac. Into it he transcribed his very ideals as they were treasured in the innermost recesses of his soul.

It would seem as if these labors were enough for one man; but Franklin's genius and great-mindedness were not bounded by earthly lines.

How often did not his philanthropic heartache on beholding so many bright talented youths, going recklessly to their moral and physical destruction for want of a proper education. He resolved to find a panacea for this wide-spread evil. His thought became action. The establishment of a public library, to which all desiring an improvement of their mental faculties had access, was the result. The golden opportunity, offered so freely, was willingly accepted by many and soon

his untiring labors bore rich fruits. Together with the public burdens, that were at this period laid upon his shoulders, he undertook the foundation of the American Philosophical Society, whose eldest daughter is the University of Pennsylvania.

The reputation of author, politician, and statesman was too small for him, not because his ambition aimed higher but because his philanthropy looked lower. Sciences were to him a delight and recreation. He loved to experiment with electricity; not since people said that he was able to draw fire from the clouds with paltry kites, but because in distant futurity he recognized in it a channel through which innumerable blessings would flow to mankind. His theories completely revolutionized the electrical department in science. European veterans were obliged to accept the teaching of the American recruit. All glory to the land of his birth.

In all the political movements of his times, Franklin spread his welfare in the same scale with that of the common people. In the legislative assembly he fought governors and English agents who in any way encroached upon the rights of the colonists. The enjoyment of great popularity was his well-merited reward. He stood on the pinnacle of his political achievements, when with a firm conviction in the justice of his cause he entered the lion's very den, and maintained with all the powers of soul and body that "taxation without representation is tyranny", and the political enslavement of a free people a degradation of mankind. His services to the new-born republic dur-

ing her independence-struggle, are inestimable. He was the Washington in congress, the herald of freedom to France. Thither he went, lonely and forsaken, but returned with Count Rochambeau and an army, D'Estaing and a French fleet. Mainly by his efforts America's united colonies were recognized abroad and their independence established forever.

What else but Franklin's diplomatic sagacity and futurity penetrating mind reaped for the infant nation such glorious advantages at the treaty of Paris? There a crowned head obeyed a common citizen. There the victorious freedom-loving eagle began his lofty flight over mountain-peaks and ocean-plains, whereas the humiliated tyrannical lion crouched back into his den. May they both remain there forever! T. F. KRAMER, '01.

THE SONGS THEY SING.

Listening to the songs of men,
Strange melodies we hear;
Now joyous airs resound and then
The doleful strains of fear;
Of grief and sorrow and distress,
Life's very death they sing;
All joys a venom'd dart possess,
All sound a hideous ring.
Unfortunate man! is not thy life
Replete with pain and sorrow,
That of thine own accord you strive
To embitter each to-morrow?
Away with all that tends to mar
The joy of youthful song;
To pleasure coming place no bar,
To good oppose not wrong.

Court not the muse that haunts the home
Of terror and distress;
Without your bidding they will come,
Severe and merciless.

The muse that sings of all the ill
Which man detests and fears;
Her strains are monotone and shrill,
The night her moaning hears.

Delay not here; direct thy course
To Olymp's lofty height,
Where all the pleasures take their source,
The fountain of delight.

Upon a radiant throne of gold,
Behold the queen of pleasure;
Her looks a sea of joy unfold,
A rare and heavenly treasure.

Hail! glorious and immortal gift,
Filling my soul with bliss;
Like vernal streams that seaward drift,
Dissolved by Helion's hiss.

Come hither all ye mortals, come,
Throw off your weight of care;
Each bleeding heart finds here a home,
A resting place, so fair.

No power shall oppose thee here;
The mellow, soothing strain
Shall calm your troubled heart, and there
Reverberate again.

Seek not the darker side of things,
Taste joy in fuller measure;
The pabulum of souls, for kings,
For poor, and rich, it's pleasure.

I. RAPP, '00.

A PARALLEL STUDY.

The various faculties of a great author are exhibited in many different ways; now it is that his versatile style will strike with sweet melody our ear, then his forcible descriptive power will exert an irresistible influence on our mind, or he impresses us deeply with lofty ideas and a taste for truth and beauty. These distinctions are to a greater or less extent blended in the two respective works of Washington Irving:—"The Alhambra" and "The Conquest of Granada." The reader is at once made conscious of the writer's masterful talent; he intimately feels his power and easily realizes that what he has begun he will carry through to the finish with the same strong hand. Although the actions and scenes are transferred to the same locality, each reveals a work of its own and possesses various distinctive traits, that are entirely lacking in the other.

The Alhambra, a picturesque narrative history of the Spaniards and their characters, possesses in a high degree that artificial, speculative trait which delights in telling stories, alluding in a jocose and humorous manner to objects and persons, both of low and high standing. His prime aim is to show the superstitious belief of the lower classes of the people in the concealed riches that may yet be buried under the sad ruins of the former flourishing cities of the kingdom of Granada. The glammers of tradition, the stories of

romance tend to turn their thoughts and desires towards those enchanted places. It is, however, equally true that now and then a humorous "solemn sneer" thrown at the clergy is found in some passages.

But one cannot fail to be touched by the admirable description of the castle Alhambra, that colossal and stately building; and although still rearing its ruddy towers from the midst of groves it presents but a phantom of its former greatness. Now melancholy reigns in its marble halls. The palace and its surroundings must, indeed, have been a most attractive object to the Moors, when their power was still the terror of the Christians. Imagine its verdant courts and gushing fountains, the halls decorated with arabesques, the splendor of the gilded and brilliantly painted ceilings. Above the far famed city of Granada stood the royal residence, while below the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure glistening with the silver windings of the rivers.

No doubt, the main sketches are felicitously executed. The character of the common Spaniards has hardly been more minutely and faithfully drawn by any other English or American author. While many other writers produce only life in panorama display, Irving vitalizes it by his genius. Alhambra contains, indeed, a number of fascinating tales and descriptions; one cannot tear himself away from it without an effort. But in many regards it has been surpassed by *The Conquest of Granada*.

This work presents the ideal characteristic speci-

mens of Spanish chivalry. Irving does not intend to supply us with the most exact truth concerning the conquest, but simply to finish an artistic production, that will delight and entertain the reader. This partly accounts for the romantic air of which it partakes. It is not supposed, however, that this book is devoid of all historical truth. On the contrary, the writer drew his facts abundantly from the rich resources of monastic libraries. There is an ease and simplicity of language, that unmistakably betray the able and polite writer. The chivalrous Spanish knights charm us by their high ideals, their supreme regard for honor, and by their noble fidelity to what they conceive to be their right. He describes their adventurous encounters, exhibits their prowess and valor in the engagement, and shows their obedience to King Ferdinand as well as their devotedness to beloved Queen Isabella. No loitering suspense forces the reader to weary through interminable descriptions and uninteresting events.

One is at a loss what to choose; whether to admire the greatness and generosity of the Spanish leaders, or to sympathize with the heart-broken people of Granada. The downfall of the royal city must have made a most pitiful impression on the Moors. They were compelled to bid their last farewell to its towers, its magnificent palaces, its surrounding groves and gardens, nay, even to their very kingdom, the pride of the Moslems. Similar interesting glimpses captivate our attention throughout the book. The Conquest in general is a well told chronicle, written and transmit-

ted so as to form an entire whole; but its minor charms are not to be compared with those of the Alhambra.

To summon up the leading distinctive features, may it suffice to state that in point of gentle beauty the Alhambra is the more fascinating, but the Conquest is the more substantial. The Alhambra is humorous and pathetic, the Conquest serious and chivalrous throughout. Morally speaking, the Alhambra is good, but the Conquest is the better and safer, supplying the mind with useful and reliable information. The diction in both books is pure, remarkable for great simplicity, and interspersed with an inexhaustible amount of humor and cheerfulness. Washington Irving, no doubt, is an immortal writer, and as long as chivalrous love and valor will fascinate, as long as rich coloring will enchant and heroic legends weave their resistless spells, so long will he be admired and revered by his grateful country-men.

H. SEIFERLE, '01.



TWO ROSES.

A flower in my garden blows
On nature's choicest ground,
It is a sweet and blushing rose.
A lovelier flower nowhere grows
Nor sweeter perfume's found.

The song of birds, the sun's warm ray,
And heaven's dew at night,
The gentle breezes, children gay,
Vie with each other night and day
To make its being bright.

It seems but so, you soon behold
A little bud below,
Which yet the tender leaves enfold,
And though all men will pass it cold,
For heaven 'tis not too low.

A glittering pearl adorns the bud
And waits to greet the flower;
The rose, with hues as deep as blood,
Beholds the fresh and opening bud
Beneath her in the bower.

And then her dress grows pale and sear
And beauty all is fled,
The breezes, once to it so dear,
Disperse its petals far and near,
Upon which men now tread.

'Tis envy made her hues grow light
At sight of the bud so low;
The dews refreshed the bud at night,
It oped its cup next morning bright
And lo, 'twas white as snow.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.

POETRY IN RELATION TO EDUCATION

EDUCATION has many phases, true ones and false. It is, however, not our intention to draw close lines of distinction, to point out the pretensions of our time to true education, or to criticise other faults; but to treat poetry as a factor in educating humanity. Poetry could never be the basis of education; its nature and properties will not permit this. But as a co-laborer and strong co-operator in promoting culture we cannot find a better means.

It is the business of education to teach, to refine, and to ennoble. In the accomplishment of this threefold object, the works of poets are primary agents, for they are a people's pledge of fame and advancement in the rank of nations. A people rarely becomes world-renowned but literature has been the footstool of its promotion, either directly or indirectly.

Good education is a fair development of our bodily and mental faculties. To neglect the one is to impair the other. The training of our mental faculties may be subdivided into cultivation of the mind, the feeling, and manners; or intellectual, esthetic, and moral education. Does poetry correspond to this three-fold calling? We need but analyze its contents. search the sea of thought, or turn the phases of literature, and a convinced affirmative will be the result of our investigation.

Poetry, in the first place, acts upon the mind,

which it enlarges, refines and elevates. Poetry is a refiner of the mind in as far as the leading thoughts, the kernel of ideas, furnish material for the mind to ponder upon. Since these ideas are presented in a beautiful garment they arouse the curiosity of the reader. Our mind, being pleased with the exposition of a thought, dives down deeper and deeper, till that one idea is enriched by a train of followers that cluster around their origin. This is the invaluable gift of poetry, that it gathers many thoughts into one idea.

Genuine poetry appeals both to the intellect and to the sympathetic nature. Sympathy is readiest to receive an impression, but the last to measure the whole extent of an idea. The intellect, however, works with greater discretion and with more method. It is the duty of our intellect to seek the focus of thoughts, or the idea which by itself suggests a multitude of others. Such concentration of thought marks the genius, and it can only be achieved by long and deep meditation. No wonder, then, that great minds labored so long at a single work, or even at a short poem. Read one of Wordsworth's meditative poems to realize these statements. "Tintern Abbey", or "Ode to Immortality", furnish material for hours of meditation.

If the mind thus analyzes poems, if it thus traces thoughts to their origin, and heeds suggestions, our mental horizon widens day by day, and in a short while, a store of useful knowledge is gathered. The mind has come in contact with the ideal, and mysterious currents resulted from this

osculation. Desire to know and to aspire urges us on to deep thinking, and correct thought is no weak basis for education.

Poetry has, furthermore, a still stronger influence upon our imagination. Every thought results from a suggestion. This suggestion arises either from personal experience or intercourse with books. Since poetry conveys ideas by means of imagery, our mind naturally delights in this. Every bard sings of great deeds, of noble actions, and heroic characters, from which our imagination receives new life and a wider range. The images of a writer are like so many seeds that drop into the youthful mind. Though their growth is not always perceptible or their fruit visible, yet, early received impressions rarely die. They affect the mind either directly or indirectly, suggesting other images or relative thought. The power of imagination is very speculative; for the mind, having tasted the sweetness of novelty and beauty, is drunk with sympathetic emotion or else vitality rules solely.

As examples of highly imaginative passages we refer to Milton's description of hell, that burning lake with its huge demons; also the scene in paradise, when everything smiles and blooms in innocence. Such passages always leave a wholesome impression. The mind cannot be an idle spectator of the beautiful and horrid images that rise before our mental eye, it is forced to work. From such reading, where images and thoughts suggest themselves more easily, we learn to work for ourselves, to form our own images, and to

think original thoughts. The empty cranium is converted into a store-house of varying images, of rich thoughts, and fruitful ideas.

Every man possesses latent gifts for poetry; but to a few only it is given to express their feelings freely and unhampered by the drawbacks of nature. This seems quite evident to us, for a reader must feel the same emotion as the poet. If men were not richly endowed with poetical feeling, the art of poetry would cease to exist, at least for the greater majority of mankind. From this we may conclude that there exists more silent and unnoticed poetry than written verse. If every poetical thought or all unborn poetry were to assume rhythmic form, the world would be flooded with its exuberance. But true poetry is as rare an exception as genius. Nature, without the assistance of art, is only in few cases sufficiently strong to equip a successful poet. Nature and art must meet. This, however, is of rarer occurrence than most men think.

Since every man is poetical by nature, poetry outside himself must exercise great influence upon his being, because it touches relative chords in the hearts of all. Does our heart not beat with greater vehemence, when reading poetry? Do we not feel the same things, or think similar thoughts as poets express? We only fail to wake them, to breathe life into them, or to give them permanent form. Perhaps, the greatest poets died unknown. Since our nature is widely open to poetry, the poet has a powerful sway over his attentive listeners.

Poetry is a reliable teacher of esthetics. Good taste, not only in the sphere of art, but also in the domain of morals, may be considered the touchstone of education. Tutors cannot instruct us as well on these points as literature. Genius and talent have gathered old and new lore of national and foreign minds. This wisdom assumes new shapes by the process of thinking, without, however, altering its contents; whereupon it springs into life as beautiful verse or elegant prose. In studying poetry, whose authors were men of superior merit, we improve our taste or sharpen its sensibility, so that it attends even the minutest accidents, that it judges correctly in doubt, that it gives us self-confidence, and reliance on our own judgment.

Suppose a man is versed in various branches of science and has sufficient insight into the technic of arts. If this man's character has not been simultaneously modeled, his education is incomplete, for a good disposition is as necessary a requisite for true education as the alphabet is in writing. The best recommendation is a noble character; it unconsciously manifests itself in a simple way. Hence in education the building up of character must proceed hand in hand with the acquisition of knowledge.

It must be admitted that the characters created by poets lean more towards the ideal than upon the real. This is but a matter of small import. Many things do not exactly agree with their standard; from which it follows, that we will more likely attain our end by overrating an object than by

following the lines warranted by its exact estimate.

Good poetry is the language of the soul, the expression of our innermost feeling. When the heart frees itself from the vehemence of feeling, when the soul breathes her deepest sympathy over the lines: then poetry is created, which will not live only for its creator's satisfaction and pleasure, but for the edification and benefit of mankind. From the study of such soul-paintings we learn to know our own great soul, its weaknesses and defects. We fathom the depth and wonderful capabilities of a beautiful human soul.

Whenever a beautiful or qualified object presents itself for our musing we become interested in it, we love it for its own sake. Poetry creates a strong love of our soul and an intense desire to perfect the image of our Creator in its faculties. Are not the principal virtues: love of mankind, sympathy, patriotism, religion, and a continual striving after the ideal, general themes for poetic minds? Are not our great poets the voice of mankind?

An easy, sociable disposition is a mark of an educated mind. This is likewise the constant drift of poetry. It is for poetry to cheer, to sweeten, and elevate human life; to wipe out the remembrance of the toil and suspense of business; to raise stooping humanity above its nature. Poetry raises each man on strong pinions above the turmoil of life and bridges the chasm between individual souls. The calling of poetry is sublime, godlike. It appears as a divine messenger, to in-

fuse the noblest thoughts into human hearts. If poetry does not prove to be a bearer of blessing, and benediction, the fault lies with the individual recipient.

Let us take, for example, two ideal representatives in poetic achievements and mark their influences. Though Shakespeare would fully answer the request, we propose Father F. W. Faber and Lord Alfred Tennyson. If any poet deserves our undivided interest, if his works repay a long and deep study, that poet is Tennyson. To hold his friendship is a noble bond and not an empty title, for openness and sincerity distinguish all his writings. Tennyson wakes the mind to thought; he stirs the imagination to exercise its faculties; he perfects our taste in esthetics, and leads us to a true appreciation of poetry; he helps to form a character by teaching good morals; he is a liberal distributor of sound religious maxims. This is the ideal poet, in whom the highest achievements of art combine with nature, but one who lacks the touch of the supernatural, that sweet and charming doctrine of soul-nourishing strength.

A poet, however, cannot sympathize with that which does not pervade his own nature. Hence, Tennyson leaves the soul unsatisfied; but Father Faber leads us where Tennyson cannot soar. Faber's verse is a balm to wounded humanity; it inspires confidence and filial abandonment to our Creator. There blooms more poetry in Faber's prose than in his verse; it contains an abundance of thought and poetry; it is unparal-

leled poetical prose. Follow but the grand procession of the Precious Blood, as it marches over the earth, from whence it passes "to eternity's jubilant shores", where it looses itself to human intellect in a blissful, never-ending future. Then ask your heart, and for vehement love and awful joy, it can give none but silent expressions of satisfaction—it loses itself in profound adoration. Can such reading have other but beneficial effects? Must these thoughts and images not stir our emotion and wake similar ideas? Will such a study not engrave noble traits upon our character?

Taking a glimpse at history we find that those nations promoting poetry, were also the most cultured and advanced. Literature makes a people prominent, it proves a nation's real worth. Athens and ancient Rome would be fabulous names were they not immortalized by their poets. Where is the world's greatest hero and conqueror Hannibal? Where the vast empires of Cyrus and Alexander?—only an empty name and disputed facts have come down to us. Also Lycurgus, Solon, Pericles, and Augustus taught that poetry is the best means to ennoble a nation.

Thus we see that poetry stands supreme among the arts as a benefactor of mankind. While the other arts work only in a narrow sphere, poetry knows no limit; it includes the effect of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. And this great office of benefitting humanity it holds for ages, being almost coeval with mankind.

Immoderateness is dangerous in every case, for even the useful may under circumstances end

in a total failure. Sole occupation in literature and unchecked love for poetry has sad consequences. Instead of enlightening it may produce the greatest crank. Reality may appear a poor sham to him who is continually living in the ideal. Fancy, enticed and led astray by dreams and false hope, might lose itself in utter disappointment. Instead of forming a manly character our nature easily becomes sentimental, pathetic, and effeminate. But a strong, circumspective mind will find the golden mean to reap rich fruit on the exuberant fields of literature.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

ALL SAINTS.

To-day in Heav'n is jubilee; and praise
 Of God in fuller chorus sounds.
 Thrice Holy re-echoes from blissful lays
 Of tenants of celestial grounds.
 To-day they rejoice in completest joy,
 Released from the dross of all earthly alloy.
 There's joy on earth and holy jubilee,
 A heav'nly fruit of mutual love,
 Communication from that reverie
 In which our brethren indulge above.
 To-day is resounding the praise of their deeds,
 Interwoven with prayers for our wants and
 our needs.
 The waves of joy to sudden calmness sink;
 A sadder melody begins;
 And "De profundis" causes us to think
 Of helpless souls detained by sins.
 To-day we will pray for our suffering friend
 To hasten his pains to a glorious end.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.

GLORIFIED.

The times have changed, for in hot summer-hours
I frequented, O grove, thy shady bowers;

Below this oak, while birds their concert kept,
And cooling air brought perfume from the flowers,
I sat a solitary, read or slept:
No greeting now as in thy bowers I stepped.

A ringing voice would sometimes call my name,
A bright-faced maid would come for talk or game,
To beguile the hour with innocent genial play:
But death selected cruelly his aim;
For n'er a sister's smile will cheer my stay,
Dispel the mists that hover 'round the way.

A gentle whisper, like a kind reply
Of separated love, or a feeble sigh,
Is audible among the fading leaves:
That rustling o'er the ground makes love seem nigh.
As the ivy round the oak her circles weaves
It clings to memory that for her grieves.

A tender lily in the flush of morn,
Untouched by scorching heat of noon, to adorn
The gardens of celestial paradise,
In gentle, never-ending sleep was borne
On angels' hands from out our midst, to rise
In glory, full in bloom that never dies.

V. A. SCHUETTE '00.



QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY SCAPULAR!
PRAY FOR US!

DO not start or think it odd, dear readers, that I should thus invoke Our Lady. Suspend criticism till I give my reasons for so doing, and I presage that you will agree with me in, what you may call, my oddity. I seldom recite the Litany without adding this invocation, and the event which originated this my custom, I rank, next to my first Holy Communion, the happiest of my life. For, if by the reception of the Sacred Host, I was so closely united to our Lord, by the happening with which I am immediately to acquaint you, I was hardly less favored by our Blessed Mother.

It was the fifteenth of August, 1894, the Feast of the Assumption. It had been the yearly custom of my father, that, after hearing Mass early in the morning, to seat us comfortably, together with some delicious viands for the exercise of our digestive apparatus, in an easy-running surrey, and thus take a day's recreation in some quiet, beautiful wood of Nature's own handi-work, where from the distance green meadows restfully played upon the eye through a grove of patriarchal oaks, skirting which, ran a placid stream, sorely tempting one to plunge in and partake of its freshness and innocent merriment. Out of its clear waters we hooked many an unsuspecting member of the finny tribe, which, cooked upon

our rustic, rock-built furnace, gave a keener relish to the home-“brewed” delicacies. But the principal sport of the day was a refreshing foot-bath; the “*pater materque familias*” leading the way, followed by the “*fili*” and “*filiae*”. It was a day spent altogether pleasantly; hearing Mass at dawn, a carriage ride through a beautiful country and brushed by air, cool and refreshing, hardly yet affected by the rising sun, a genial occupation throughout the day, and the return ride in time to receive benediction in the evening.

But now to my story. As the customary foot-bath would not satisfy my brother and me, we sought a deeper place farther down, in order to indulge in a complete immersion. But when dressing I neglected to replace my scapular around my neck, and putting it in my outside coat-pocket, I thought no more of the circumstance. When riding home that evening, a distance of eight or nine miles, and being fatigued, I prepared to take a nap. Mother and I occupied the rear seat, and placing my coat, which was too warm to wear, under my head, I was soon in the land of “Nods”. The happenings of the whole day soon began to flit about in my brain promiscuously and with fantastic changes. It was not long before my brother and I were again in the water, having great sport. But I dreamt that on coming out of the water, I had lost a valuable treasure, a legacy, a gem, which possessed magical qualities. Just then I thought I saw it high in midair, and with a desperate effort I leaped for it—and awoke. The evening dew beginning to fall,

I reached around for my coat, but it was gone—slipped from the carriage—gone and lost. But what cared I for my coat—my scapular was lost with it. It was then I realized that in my scapular I had truly lost a gem, a legacy, a valuable treasure, possessed of magical qualities. At Benediction that evening I prayed fervently to our Blessed Lady, that my scapular might be returned to me, never thinking in my childishness that I could obtain another pair—I wanted that pair and no other. I had always said the prayers attached to the Holy Scapular, and now, that I had none, I did not cease, but added others that it might be returned to me. These prayers I continued faithfully till Oct. 1st, the month of the Holy Rosary. Before returning on this particular evening I said my usual prayers and added “Queen of the most Holy Scapular, pray for us.”

During the night there suddenly appeared before me a Lady, most beautiful in face and dress, even as the picture above my bed. Immediately I recognized the Blessed Mother. In her hand she held my lost treasure—my scapular. Approaching nearer, she smiled, a smile that transformed my comparatively cold heart in a flame of love for her. She reached out to me the scapular. Not yet believing my eyes, I put forth my hand, but instead of taking the scapular first, I tried, child-like, to touch her hand, but before I could do so the vision vanished. I sat up in bed and began to ponder upon my supposed dream. But lo! I felt a ticklish sensation about my neck and looking down, beheld my scapular about my neck. But

how changed. All muddy and torn, which convinced me that it had been miraculously restored to me. Though muddy and tattered, it was my dearly loved scapular, and I kissed it again and again, and slipping out quietly upon my knees I, in the mid-night stillness and flickering light, poured out my thankfulness to the "Queen of the Holy Scapular", my whole soul quivering with emotion for the wonderful manner in which she had answered my prayer and proved her great love for me. This happened when I was in knickerbockers, but the remembrance of it shall continue to guide me in the way of virtue until with that same Blessed Lady I shall be in a happy eternity.


W. ARNOLD, '02.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY
 DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

Thus sings the poet: "In prosperous days they (friends) swarm, but in adverse withdraw their heads not to be found though sought."

The great body of Catholics is united by strong ties of relationship and by the bonds of mutual friendship. Let us, therefore not close our ears

to the pitiful cry of the suffering souls. "The greatest argument for love is love," and the noblest love, love of true friendship, is a generous one, free from unselfish motives and willing to make sacrifices. Since the souls in Purgatory love us so much, it is our duty to be their liberal and noble-hearted benefactors.

An eminent American critic has compared Ralph Waldo Emerson to the "Aolian harp, awake to the most delicate impressions of nature." This seems to be rather a happy expression of praise than a judgment based on truth. In our estimation Emerson receives more honor than is strictly his due. This fact can easily be explained by reading and studying the author. Emerson draws attention by his novel combination of thoughts and by exhibiting new phases of ideas. Thus he gains the sympathy of most readers. But to slight his faults, to recommend him with liberally-spent eulogies, to acknowledge him as an exemplary author, or even as "ipse magister," is never a laudable policy.

Emerson is a good model of American-spirited men, a man of venture and thrift. "Suum cuique," however, holds good with Emerson as with the old Romans. Ralph Waldo is not that original writer, many suppose him to be; he is, however, practical, knowing how to utilize matter to the best advantage.

The genuine Aeolian harp has music of its own, music as yet unheard, with its peculiar chords and variations. Is such melody and harmony cre-

ated by Emerson? The writer strikes upon beautiful variations, phrases, and cadences; but there is rarely an original motive at the bottom. Some will compare Emerson with Lord Bacon, but unfitly so. These two authors are no parallels, for their features show but few marks of similarity. Emerson draws the student by illusions and poetry; while yet rejoicing over our gain of literary jewels, we detect the cheat upon closer investigation. Emerson, however, can teach us good thought, fine poetry, and a utilizing method.

Why then is this philanthropic writer, with numerous false views, read so extensively? Because his philosophy is sweet, suitable to many, though a little incorrect. Longfellow, whose simple, graceful poetry ought to please every body, stands back before a noisy charlatan. The mass mistakes the "Aeolian harp;" the finest impressions of nature a poet ever received, pass unnoticed by the vulgar eye. Emerson's chords are incomplete; his "Aeolian harp,"—an admirable patchwork—gives but rarely a metallic sound. Though "he had all the wisdom of the past," as William Thorne remarks, yet the writer is neither poet, nor critic, nor essayist, etc., but a good and rare medley. Do not gather too many colored gems from Emerson, lest the one break the other; for "in the present day Mistiness is the Mother of wisdom."

Should not Lowell have the widest circulation? It is but right to study the best type of American men with greater interest than those who embody different traits, but none with sufficient distinctness.

We are highly edified to notice that some of the alumni take the greatest interest in our monthly work. Lately I had the pleasure of reading a trite criticism of the first issue of our Collegian. Though it was not the most laudable one, yet it was encouraging and of such a nature as to stimulate the emulation of a student. We sincerely acknowledge the kind act of Mr. D. A. Brackman, and hope to receive further notice from him.

Our professor of Latin and Logic proposed an excellent idea to his class. Instead of writing many compositions, he intends to drill his scholars in public Latin debates. The class gave their heartiest approval. Such an opportunity, a good combination of the useful and practical, ought certainly be taken advantage of. It is useful, for thus the class will gain greater facility in the Latin language. And Latin is the most prominent branch, the basis of future studies for aspirants to the holy priesthood. The practical part is equally obvious. Debates will profit a student more than any other exercise, since a debate must call almost every faculty into play. To advance some meager arguments, or to sing some flowery phrases or artfully constructed rhetoric is not even a satisfactory debate. But by a good, profitable debate we understand a scholarly composition and a thorough study of this composition to deliver it with good effect. Oratory can almost best be practised in debates. One must arrange it so, that the delivery admits of oratorical display. The drift of arguments ought to carry one on to a similar climax in action. Never say all you know, for opponents may demand more; never pretend to know, for one might ask explanation and proof.

EXCHANGES.

The Tamarack's "Cheerful Man" is the ablest article that reached our table during the past month. The writer, no doubt a cheerful man himself and a close observer of social habits, gives a comprehensive estimate of the cheerful man's influence upon his fellows in beautifully simple language. Among the many excellencies of the composition the nice distinction between the naturally cheerful man and the one whose cheerfulness is a moral growth, is especially deserving of praise. "Mental Culture" and "Thackery as an Educator," of the same issue, are ably written essays; "Micawber's Christmas Dream," however, is rather extravagant.

We always expect to find something out the ordinary in the *Aloysian*, and we are never disappointed. This time it very appropriately devotes much of its space to the life and the labors of the Prince Priest Gallitzin, the apostle of the Alleghanies. Although several Catholic papers contained masterly sketches of the hero's life, we nevertheless, perused the *Aloysian's* series with the greatest interest. It is, indeed, a noble tribute to one, who, forsaking wealth, rank, power, and all that is dear to the human heart, came to the wilds of America, and midst privations and hardships, labored unceasingly for the good of immortal souls. But to think that the *Aloysian* allowed this splendid opportunity for a poem to pass un-

noticed! When we beheld the stately monument on the title-page, we turned leaf after leaf for a metrical eulogy of the saintly priest, but—. It is almost unpardonable. The remaining essays fully sustain the enviable reputation of the *Aloysian*.

The Fordham Monthly contains excellent biographies of the three greatest popes that ever sat on the chair of St. Peter: Leo I., Gregory VII., and Leo XIII. The writers very concisely express the characters of these men in the suggestive titles; Leo I. is called the "Civilizer," Gregory VII. the "Liberator," and our present glorious reigning Pontiff is termed the "Enlightener." In our time, when misrepresentation and slander are a daily occurrence, a thorough knowledge of history is of the greatest importance. We hope some more of our friends will "brush up" their knowledge of history. The attempts of the *Monthly* at poetry are very laudable, but we would gently caution the author of "The Tempest" to curb his poetic temperament; "thunder peals" and "lightning flashes" are hardly coexistent with "bitter north-winds" and "cold rains."

Richard Malcolm Johnston has an enthusiastic advocate in the *Mountaineer*. Within the compass of three pages we have an adequate idea and a just literary estimate of the works of the gifted, but comparatively neglected author. The "Romance of the Blue Ridge," a delightfully sympathetic narrative of the colonial days, is something of which the *Mountaineer* may justly feel proud.

Th. Saurer, '00.

BOOK NOTICES.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL. This Catholic family almanac for 1900 is one of the most attractive and interesting annuals published. Its appearance at once makes a favorable impression, having a richly colored cover representing the Annunciation and containing some beautiful illustrations. The stories are mainly written by such renowned Catholic authors as Maurice F. Egan, Sara F. Smith, Madam Blaue, and others; while also its poems by Eleanor C. Connelly and Father Edmund C. P. recommend themselves. The more serious articles by Very Rev. F. Girardy, C.SS.R. and Anna T. Sadlier deserve special praise. Also the most notable events of the past year receive mention though a very brief one. The whole is neatly printed and well worth the keeping as a Catholic home almanac. At BENZIGER BROS. Price 25 cents.

LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL. This little paper, containing stories, games, tricks, interesting items, etc., besides a large number of attractive pictures, is an excellent Catholic almanac for children. The stories, written in a light, juvenile style, undoubtedly, hold the attention of their young readers. Its instructive tendency is praiseworthy. "The Rose of the Vatican" is a beautiful picture of an upright child, presenting, at the same time, a scene from the life of Pius IX. Reading of this nature is most useful for children; had the little paper only more stories. The few cents expended for this annual are not thrown away. A wise parent will send for a copy. BENZIGER BROS. 5cts; per 100, \$3.00.

OUR NEW PIPE ORGAN.

For many years the old pipe organ has sweetly mingled with our voices in the praises of God. Of late, however, not so much a result of the destructive march of time, but as a consequence of the constant and often ill-advised "operations" to which our former organist (no doubt with the best of intentions!) subjected the instrument, it responded only reluctantly and often persisted in unpleasant prolongations of certain notes. The desire to have this organ replaced by a new one soon became universal and, thanks to the energy of the Rev. Rector, who is himself a performer of no mean ability and, as the "crack" choir of three years ago amply testified, an enthusiastic worker in support of genuine church-music, our hopes were soon realized.

The new organ, built by Kimball & Co., Chicago, Ill., is a perfect instrument in every regard, and the Rev. Rector is to be congratulated upon the happy choice. We will not attempt to describe the organ in detail. Suffice it to state a few particulars which cannot fail to arouse the interest and admiration of all our readers.

The outward appearance is all that modern skill and art can accomplish. Instead of the heavy wood-work and the ponderous cornices that decorate organs of older type, gorgeously embellished pipes reaching from the floor to the ceiling form the face of the organ. It would take the pen of a

professional to give an adequate explanation of the interior parts of the organ. But we cannot refrain from enlarging upon two essential features which undoubtedly prompted the choice of this organ,—the pneumatic action and the so called 'swell'. The pneumatic action replaces the noisy and easily deranged-cross thatching of the reed action. The wind is admitted from the bellows directly to the key-desk and from there through amalgamated tubes to the various stops and pipes, insuring instantaneous action and excluding every possibility of an undue depression of the keys. This arrangement, though only of a very recent date, bids fair to put a speedy end to the construction of the time-honored reed action organ.

The swell is a simple contrivance which, if worked with discretion and precision, has a most pleasing effect. All the pipes, the pedal pipes excluded, are enclosed in a tightly fitted case with a movable front. By an ingenious mechanism this front may be opened and closed by placing a foot upon a lever fastened directly over the pedal. From the lisp of the leaves and the distant voices of angelic choirs the sound may gradually be increased until, at last, the deafening roar of the mad rushing ocean bursts upon our ear.

This beautiful organ was solemnly dedicated to the service of God on the Feast of All Saints. The Rev. Rector performed the ceremony and preached an eloquent sermon on the practice of the Church to celebrate the divine mysteries with all possible grandeur and pomp. Incidentally he paid a noble tribute to our maligned holy mother, the Church, as the foremost protectress of science and art.

T. S. '00.

PERSONAL.

Since our last issue of the St. Joseph's Collegian the following Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers were welcome callers at the College: Very Rev. John R. Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind.; Very Rev. J. H. Hueser, D. D., Huntington, Ind.; Rev. F. S. Byrgier, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. H. M. Plaster, Hammond Ind.; Rev. F. J. Lambert, Dunnington, Ind.; Rev. B. Dickman, C.PP.S., Ft. Recovery, O.; Rev. P.F. Hahn, C.PP.S., Banning, Cal.; Rev. R. Schmaus, C.PP.S., St. Stephens, O.—

Mr. Patrick T. Welsh, engineer on the P. Ft. Wayne R. R., Ft. Wayne, Ind., surprised his son Paul by an unexpected visit.—

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Boos were recent visitors at St. Joseph's, the guests of their son Herman.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S. A regular meeting of the Columbians was held Oct. 12th. Besides the ordinary routine of business, the names of the following students were voted upon: E. Wills, H. Hoerstman, B. Holler, R. Monin. A. La Motte, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. Schuette, L. Hoch, and M. Schmitter.

The meeting of Oct. 29th was, indeed, a lengthy and interesting one, in which George Studer and Paul Welsh were admitted as members. The chairman of the book committee made a report. He mentioned that, as the Columbian Library contained a large selection of classical

books as well as those of less literary merit, it would be advisable to subscribe for a larger number of good magazines. The society will now have at their disposal many of our periodicals. The society, as usual, will render a play before Christmas vacation. A committee was appointed to select a suitable play. The committee consisted of the President, Mr. Rapp, and Messrs. T. Saurer, V. Schuette, D. Neuschwanger, W. Arnold, and J. Mutch. It was decided to present the play of "William Tell", translated from the German by Rev. John Oechtering.

A parliamentary law class will again be taken up for the benefit of the younger members of the society. Various remarks were also passed regarding the necessity of more variety in the different numbers of our literary programs.

A. L. S. The Aloysians admitted Mr. J. Buchmann as a member of their society at the meeting held Oct. 8. A private program was given Oct. 15.

The drama, "Wrongfully Accused", is to be rendered on the evening of Thanksgiving. If we may judge from former plays rendered by the Aloysians, and from the interest that is taken by the Rev. Moderator, Father Hugo, this one will prove to be a success.

MARIAN SODALITY. This sodality held its first monthly meeting for this scholastic year after High Mass, Oct. 1, at which the election of officers took place. The following is the result: Prefect, Mr. Wm. Arnold; First Assistant Prefect, Mr. I. Rapp; Second Assistant Prefect, Mr. J.

Mutch. A meeting of the Rev. Spiritual Director and the prefects was held Oct. 4, to appoint a secretary and consultors.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART. The first time that the members of the League received Holy Communion in a body this year was the first Friday of October. On the following Sunday forty students became members of the League by the public reception of the badge of the Sacred Heart. Messrs. W. Hordeman, H. Wellman, and A. Schaefer were appointed promoters, to fill the vacancies caused by students who were graduated last June.

The Rev. Spiritual Director of the Marian Sodality and of the League of the Sacred Heart is Father Hugo. His genial influence is, no doubt, the cause of the interest which the students take in these societies. One cannot but heed the kind admonitions which are received from him. It is hoped that all the students will show their appreciation for his kindness. JOSEPH MUTCH, '02.

ATHLETICS.

S. J. C. 0.

Giants. 5.

Sunday, Oct. 8, the Giants won a game of foot-ball from the College team. Near the close of the second half the Giants broke through the line on a front pass and made a touch down. The referee said he did not see it, whereupon the College team withdrew from the field with a score of 17—5 in their favor. Referee, Ley; umpire, Hoch.

R. H. S. 12.

S. J. C. 0.

Saturday, Oct. 21, the Rensselaer High School defeated the College team by a score of 12—0. The game was interesting up to the second half. The High School played a good game and won on their merits. Gwin was the best ground gainer, for the visitors repeatedly hit the line for good gains. The only feature of the game was a 50 yd. punt by Arnold. It was high and accurate, giving the end time to down Saylers in his tracks. The High School boys were coached this year by Frank Maloy, one of Rensselaer's foremost athletics. He was formerly a member of the Notre Dame team.

Van Flandern and Wahl did the best work for our players. The game was the best, witnessed on the College gridiron since the days of Eddie, Mungovan's famous team.

Rev. Father Hugo, our master of discipline, obtained permission to attend the games at Rensselaer. For this act of kindness all the students express their thanks.

Sunday, Oct. 29, our teams played a game which ended in a tie of 11—11. The features of this game were a 72 yd. run by Scherzinger, and a drop kick over the goal by Eder.

J. WESSEL, '02.

LOCALS.

“I would play foot-ball too,” says W. Horde-man, “if I had a duplicate of myself.

Muhler’s new law of natural philosophy is now universally adopted: “The fear of being disturbed in a comfortable smoke decreases, as the square of the distance from the prefect increases.”

“I love this mellow autumnal season exceedingly,” said Arnold, “but what tickles me most is that—poetic rattle—of the leaves while walking through the woods.”

Prof. in Geography: “What is a volcano?” Ben. “A mountain with a hole on top.”

“I don’t see why some persons can’t find pleasure in foot-ball,” Theodore says, “if they could only get to the bottom of it.” Willie thinks he would’nt enjoy it very much at the bottom of it.

Prof. in Logic: “If you have in your mind the two concepts of horse and flying, how would the philosopher express the idea formed by these two concepts?” Ambrose: “Horsefly.”

Ambiguous. Sylvester: “Is Dewey at home now?” R. J. “Yes, unless he is out on a hunt with Bismark.”

Communication with the inhabitants of Mars could be established, but I fear those high-toned people up there could’nt condescend to speak with us poor mortals.

In humble acknowledgement of the many blunders made in his Latin scription, the under-

signed wrote below: "Multos hircos explosi."

Van Flandern.

Prof. in Chemistry. "What are compounds made up of two, three, or four elements called?" Studer: "We call them bipedary, ternary, and quadrupedary composed of two bipedary compounds."

Of the marvelous progress made in arts and sciences toward the close of the nineteenth century the art of organ-building is not the least astounding. At this peculiar revelation some enlightened mind may shrug his shoulders, but let him enter the newly furnished recreation hall of the students C. PP. S. and he shall experience that facts speak louder than words. Certainly some of our old friends are anxious to learn the fate of our organ, but especially those that have experienced a good deal of trouble from the temporary fits and spasms of this time-honored instrument. Well, the old had to give place to the new, but not like many other objects to be trampled and forgotten. Some of our former virtuosos have, indeed, tried to establish their reputation by administering to the organ already in its—*principiis obsta*—but they all miserably failed, covering the latent diseases with putty and soleleather, but never eradicating them. But now a renovation from the interior took place, rejecting entirely such parts as seemed absolutely irremediable and repairing others, capable of long and active service. Thus, for instance, on account of inadequate windpressure, Cantus advised not to put in the pedal, thus reducing it to a first rate—*organum*

simplex.—Space does not permit me to describe in detail the mode of its construction, in which only the latest and most practical methods were employed. After some tuning and a few slight changes it shall appear in perfect finish. Thanksgiving is set as the day of its dedication. Ceremonies shall be as imposing as the object is grand. The shooting of a cannon shall open the masterwork to the inspection of the curious multitude and at the same time give access to all those that have hitherto attained any proficiency in the noble art of music. A beautiful inscription on the upper frame of the organ crowns the work of its successful builders.

I. RAPP, '00.



HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95–100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90–95 per cent.

95–100 PER CENT.

E. Ley, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, E. Wills, H. Horstman, E. Werling, F. Theobald, C. Van Flanders, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Plas, H. Bernard, J. Wessel, A. McGill, C. Wetli, J. Braun, C. Hils, J. Steinbrunner, H. Wellman, E. Hoffman, L. Dabbelt, O. Bremerkamp, T. Ehinger, A. Kamm, F. Wemhoff, G. Arnold, M. Schumacher, M. Zimmer, R. Goebel, E. Cook, E. Vurpillat, J. Dabbelt, T. Hammes, C. Fischer, E. Lonsway, F. Boeke, J. Sanderell, H. Froning, W. Keilman, P. Hartman, H. Metzdorf, P. Welsh, T. Sulzer, L. Linz, E. Hefele, H. Seiferle, R. Stoltz, S. Hartman, A. La Motte, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, F. Didier, B. Alt, F. Wachendorfer, A. Bir, F. Reichert, Z. Scheidler, W. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer.

90–95 PER CENT.

W. Flaherty, B. Horstman, G. Studer, P. Wahl, V. Sibold, F. Wagner, J. Naughton, L. Wagner, C. Sibold, C. Eder, J. Buchman, C. Ellis, J. Hildebrand, G. Emsing, T. Kramer, C. Miller, B. Staiert, M. Koester, S. Kremer, B. Holler, A. Schuette, C. Grube, R. Reineck, R. Schwieterman, C. Olberding.

N. B. Omitted in first paragraph of October Collegian: P. Welsh. Omitted in second paragraph: O. Bremerkamp. B. Horstman and A. Hepp appearing in 2nd paragraph belong to 1st paragraph.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the last month. The names of those that reached an average of from 84-90 per cent will be found in the second paragraph.

90-100 PER CENT.

W. Hordeman, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, H. Hoerstman, A. McGill, J. Braun, C. Hills, P. Wahl, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, R. Goebel, E. Hoffman, P. Welsh, J. Seitz, H. Bernard, J. Steinbrunner, F. Boeke, H. Froning, L. Dabbelt, P. Hartman, H. Metzdorf, F. Wagner, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwan-ger, E. Hefe-le, H. Seiferle, B. Staiert, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, R. Schmidt, O. Dames, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, W. Scheidler, Z. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, F. Reichert, J. Kupper, C. Olberding.

84-90 PER CENT.

E. Ley, E. Werling, E. Wills, W. Flaherty, C. Wetli, H. Muhler, T. Hammes, E. Lonsway, E. Vurpillat, F. Wemhoff, H. Plas, J. Meyer, A. Kamm, T. Ehinger, A. Hepp, W. Keilman, L. Wagner, J. Hildebrand, L. Linz, T. Kramer, C. Miller, M. Koester, R. Stoltz, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, R. Schwieterman, C. Grube, F. Didier, A. Bir.